

APR 10 1922

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THE
Dutchess of Mazarines
Farewel to
ENGLAND.

And must I then sweet *England* leave at last,
With the remembrance of all pleasure past?
Does Fate decree I must renew my dance,
And wheel about from *England* now to *France*?

'Tis vain, I see, for to be great or proud;
We taste the Fate oft of the meaner Crowd.

Though puff'd with greatness, we oft make a bustle;
Dame Fortune rudely does our greatness juggle.

Happy the Countrey-Swain, who courts the shades,
Whose Privacies no sullen Fate invades.

Happy that Rural Maid who fees alone
Her self a Queen, and plac'd in Beauties Throne,
Whilst her admiring Shepherd bows his knee,
And none like her in all the world can see;

'Tis happier than all our Pageantrie.

Honour, the bug-bear that affrights the Great,
Makes us but slaves, and does of freedom cheat;

Debars us much of pleasures, and of sport;
Robs us of Substance, whilst we Shadows court.

We stand on high, of all men to be seen:

In this alone I do not love the mean;

I'de be a Shepherdess, or else a Queen.

The last exalted is above report,
And th'other innocently cares not for't;

Whilst nothing in the world can prove so strong,
To keep us from the shot of an ill Tongue.

Beauty's a shadow, vain and empty thing;

I thought that mine might have subdu'd a King.

Though fair I seem'd in mine and others eyes,

My own Duke me and Beauty did despise

Whilst I was forc'd to wander in disguise.

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What various Chance my Fortunes did attend ?
 Alas ! when will my rousing Troubles end ?
 As if with Fortune drunk, I reeling go,
 Or like a Ball that's bandied to and fro.
 Wave after Wave of Trouble follows still.
 And like a Slave I grind in Fortunes Mill.
 Forc'd by my Fate, to *France* I must return ;
 And for sweet *England's* loss I truly mourn.
 Farewel, sweet Land, where Peace and Plenty flow,
 Where all things to ease wretched Souls do grow ;
 Where all things fit to make Life sweet abound,
 And where I Pleasure, Ease, and Comfort found.
 Farewel, the best of Princes, and the chief,
 Whose Court has given me shelter and Relief :
 Whose Power has me defended like a shield,
 Whose bounteous hand has me, ev'n me upheld.
 Farewel delightful *Windsor*, who on high
 Lifts up thy awful head, unto the skie :
 Beauty and Strength, Nature and Art agree,
 A Princes Royal Seat to frame in thee.
 Farewel, thou underlying Silver *Thames* ;
 Oft have I sported with thy gliding streams,
 And oft my self committed to thy Charge,
 Triumphant fate in my delightful Barge ;
 And oft to *Whitehal* with like pleasure came,
 As *Egypt's* Queen, when she on *Cydnus* swam.
 Farewel the Theater, where I have seen
 The Tragick fall of many a lofty Queen :
 Where many a sad Intrigue acted I've known,
 Yet scarce could find one equal to my own ;
 And where, if evil Fortune still pursue,
 I may hereafter be well Acted too.
London farewell, thou City Fair and Great,
 The Head of *England*, *CHARLES* his Royal Seat :
 May Heav'n still bless you, for your Sovereigns sake,
 And may you long with him sweet Peace partake.
 Where e're I go, your goodness I shall tell,
 Your Bounty and your Love : *England*, farewell.

 Printed for Langley Curtifs. 1 6 8 0.